

Robert Macaire.

THE MOST EXCITING ADVENTURES IN
THE CAREER OF THIS SWAG-
GERING ROBBER.

A TALE OF VILLAINY AND VIRTUE.

The Last Brilliant Crime Which Cost Macaire and His
Pal Their Lives.

By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Robert Macaire, an ex-convict, comes to a village in France, where he imposes on the simple peasants, and marries Marie Beaumont, daughter of a rich farmer. He later murders a young man named Pierre Lamar.

Macaire robs Marie's father Robert and his wife are arrested on suspicion. On the way to prison, Macaire changes clothes with Marie and escapes.

Marie later escapes. Fearing pursuit she leaves her child by a wayside shrine. An innkeeper named Dumont finds the boy, which he rears as his own, naming him Charles, and about twenty years later betrothing the youth to Clementine Germent, daughter of an old friend of his.

To Dumont's inn Germent brings Celestine's dowry of 12,000 francs. Macaire and an accomplice come there, kill Germent and steal the dowry. Marie, who has also come to see him, is suspected of the crime. Macaire and his accomplices are arrested charged with prison-breaking. Charles learns that Marie is his mother. He believes her innocent.

Macaire proves to have murdered Marie's father for his money after deserting Marie. It is agreed that Charles shall not know of his relationship to Macaire.

CHAPTER VI. Retribution.

THE butler Pierre's conscience had been reproaching him for his over-zeal since Marie's arrest and the discovery that she was really the mother of M. Charles.

He felt that it was principally his fault that suspicion had attached to her, and he felt he would like, if possible, to help to clear her of the charge. He was also angry with himself for having been easily imposed on by the two villainous-looking strangers, who turned out to be such rascals and whom

own. She shuddered as she thought that even now a chance word might reveal all to Charles.

The brigadier said that he should now take steps to remove the two prisoners to the gendarmerie and to that end he should at once send one of his men for a cart and an additional escort, as he did not care to risk anything with such desperate ruffians as these were known to be.

It was now getting toward evening and it would be quite dark by the time they had got all done.

Macaire had submitted in sullen silence to be searched by the gendarmes and had not answered so much as by a word when they had told him it would be useless any longer to deny his guilt, giving a glance of utter contempt at his miserable companion, who writhed on the floor at their feet, groaning and imploring mercy in the most abject terms.

But there was a movement in the long, sinewy fingers and a gleam in the evil eye that would have boded ill for them had they been fewer in number, or had they not already taken the precaution of removing the knife, whose long, curved-back blade could do such deadly work.

He knew very well that all was up for him. He could no longer expect to escape the end which had been so long awaiting him; but nevertheless the desire for liberty was strong within him and he pondered the possibility of es-

The literary man of the moment, both in America and Europe, is Hall Caine, whose novel, "The Eternal City," made into a drama has created a sensation in the old and new worlds. The presentation of his play in London brought a storm of resentment against the author for having dared to put Pope Leo XIII. before the footlights, and that storm is still raging. No such feeling was engendered here when the play was presented in Washington, D. C., last week, with Miss Viola Allen as the heroine and Mr. E. M. Holland as the Pope.

Mr. Caine is now on his way to this country to look after his dramatic and literary interests. He will personally supervise the New York production of his play.

"The Eternal City" owes its origin to a dream, as the author states in the preface to the new edition of the novel just issued in London. It was some ten years ago, while in Russia, whither he had gone, to quote from that preface, "with some idea (afterward abandoned) of writing a book that should deal with the racial struggle which culminated in the eviction of the Jews from the holy cities of that country, and the scenes of tyrannical administration which I witnessed there made a painful and lasting impression on my mind. The sights of the day often followed me through the night, and, after a more than usually terrible revelation of official cruelty, I had a dream of a Jewish woman who was induced to denounce her husband to the Russian police under a promise that they would spare his life, which, they said, he had

forfeited as the leader of a revolutionary movement.

"The husband came to know who his betrayer had been, and he cursed his wife as his worst enemy. She pleaded on her knees that fear for his safety had been the only motive of her conduct, and he cursed her again. His cause was lost, his hopes were dead, his people were in despair, because the one being whom Heaven had given him for his support had delivered him up to his enemies out of the weakness of her womanly love. I awoke in the morning with a vivid memory of this new version of the old story of Samson and Delilah, and on my return to England I wrote the draft of a play with the incident of husband and wife as the central situation." From that dream grew the novel.

For the writing of the novel, Mr. Hall Caine spent four winters in Rome, and he had that described as the house of the heroine, Donna Roma Volonna. It is called "The House of the Four Winds," and stands at the top of the steps of the Piazza de Spagna.

Greeba Castle, as every one knows, is the name of Mr. Hall Caine's English house. It derives its title from the fact that it is built on the side of a hill named Greeba. In spite of the suggestion of antiquity about the name and its appearance, it is a comparatively modern residence, being less than a hundred years old. It is perched only some fifty feet higher than the road, and the hill towers perhaps fifteen hundred feet above its roof, thus completely sheltering it on one side. Sheltered, however, it now is on all four sides by trees which are the delight of

the owner and which reach half-way up the hill. So great a love has Mr. Hall Caine for the trees that he will not have them touched, and one practically walks through a leafy tunnel to the house, where he and Mrs. Caine dispense a real hospitality. Sunday after-noon, in particular, is devoted to receiving visitors, who come in large numbers, among them being a great sprinkling of Americans.

Every one who cares for Hall Caine's books will naturally be interested in knowing that they have practically all been written in a secluded room built

some few hundred feet higher up the hill than his house, on the edge of the plantation which extends behind the house. It is, perhaps, 25 feet long by 14 feet wide, and its interior is characterized by a Spartan simplicity. True, it has a floor and a great old-fashioned fireplace, with a little shelf on which lie some favorite books, but, with the exception of one chair and a deal table, it is innocent of other furniture. There is not even an ink-stand. For the reason that Mr. Hall Caine writes with a fountain-pen. Here absolute quiet reigns, and the author is undisturbed while weaving those brilliant webs of romance, in which he en-

chains the heart, brain, and sympathy of his readers. How unpretentious is the room dedicated to the goddess of literature may be judged from the fact that the drivers of the wagons stop at it out to the trippers as "the house where Hall Caine writes his books." The pictures used here are from an illustrated story with Mr. Caine in the London Sketch.

MRS. AYER'S ARTICLE

The Next article in Mrs. Ayer's present interesting series, "How to Read Your Sweetheart's Face," will appear to-morrow. It will deal with the eyes, explaining the meaning of the different sorts of "windows of the soul."

THE DEATH OF MACAIRE.



STRUCK DOWN IN THE MOMENT OF ESCAPE.

he now began to suspect of being murdered.

And, why? yes, he suddenly remembered now that on one occasion by accident they had really had access for a few minutes to his own bunch of duplicate keys—quite long enough, and he—fool that he was—had never suspected anything. Surely they must have taken the key of M. Germent's room off the bunch!

Yes, it was missing. Tien! If he could only find it.

Well, he would search.

So off he went to the room which the strangers had occupied and there instituted a thorough search.

There was not a corner in the room he did not thoroughly ransack.

Every fold of the window curtains, of the bed curtains, the mattresses, the pillows.

He turned up every rug and ran his hand round the seat of every chair; he even examined behind every picture, opened and turned out every drawer and press, but all in vain; and disheartened and disappointed he stood looking vaguely round him at the disorder he had created, and scratching his head wondered what he would do next, when his eye lighted on the fireplace.

There had been no fire and yet the coal looked as though it had been disturbed. He did not quite take it in at first, and then, as the thing formulated itself in his mind, he ran to the grate, eagerly removed a piece of coal after the other, and presently, with an exclamation of joy, sprang to his feet with the missing key in his hand.

He ran downstairs and burst into the room where M. Dumont, Charles and Marie were, and, hardly able to speak with excitement, cried:

"Mr. Charles! not bourgeois! Mme. Marie! It is not you. I mean—I am sure, enfin, I have discovered the assassins. Here it is," flourishing the key.

With some difficulty they managed to get a coherent explanation from him, having heard which M. Dumont sent Charles at once in search of Roger.

They returned together immediately, and the brigadier, having heard Pierre's story as to where he had found the key, declared he would at once have Macaire and Strop searched to see if they had any of the stolen money upon them.

After a short absence he returned, carrying the stolen notes.

Charles, on seeing this proof of his mother's innocence, was too much overcome to speak, and turned to clasp her in his arms, but she had fainted.

The shock of this sudden relief from the terrible accusation which had been hanging over her had been too much for her overwrought nerves.

She soon revived, however; and then came the thought of the wretched man who would have to suffer the penalty of his crime, whose life had been such a tissue of evil deeds and so blighted her

escape.

He had heard the gendarme ride off and guessed pretty well on what errand he was gone.

He knew about how long he would be gone—about half an hour, he thought. He sat with his eyes fixed on the little square window which lighted the loft, when his attention was caught by a rope swinging in front of it.

He went up to the window and found it was a rope hanging from a pulley which was fastened above the window and was probably used for raising stores into the loft.

He swiftly conceived the idea of swinging himself on to the roof by means of this rope, and so perhaps escape—who could tell?

He roused his companion and told him what he meditated doing.

Strop was full of fears.

If they were seen they would be shot, or if they fell they might be killed.

Macaire, however, admitted his deservings to the roof, and he remained here in that he would die on the guillotine. I for one prefer some other way, so I'll try this chance. You, perhaps, prefer to sit here like a rat in a trap.

The thought of the guillotine gave Strop courage and he decided to follow Macaire.

They listened breathlessly at the window, till presently the tread of the man who was going to be shot was heard from the view of the yard, when he was started by a sudden yell.

Macaire looked cautiously out of the window, and seeing he had half disappeared a sign to Strop, and mounting on the window-sill, he caught hold of the rope, and, with a desperate effort, swung himself upward, catching the edge of the parapet and so pulling himself to the roof.

He was cautiously crawling up the face of the roof, in order to get to the other side, which was sheltered from the view of the yard, when he was started by a sudden yell.

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TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Extols Jersey Girls' Beauty.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Noting the letters complimenting the Staten Island girls on their good looks I say: Boys, come to Jersey and see some of our "Jersey Lilies," and you will be convinced that we have girls in Jersey who cannot be rivaled, either in face or form. They are roses in the beauty of their faces, and lilies in the beauty of their souls. Come all ye "farmers" and see the crop of beauties Mme. New Jersey is producing every day. What have you to say now? I invite correspondence and defy you to say that we have not the prettiest girls in the State.

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me if I am correct in naming the masts, which I think are as follows: First, foremost; second, main; third, mizen; fourth, gismast; fifth, staymast; sixth, jurmast; seventh, kicker.

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MAY MANTON DAILY DRESS HINT.

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In health. I refer to apples—plain raw apples. I am sixty-five years old. I suppose I would be called a very old lady. But I have not been ill for a day in twenty years, and I feel as young as most women of fifty. And I attribute it all to the fact that I eat two or three apples every day of my life. If you doubt the healthfulness of apples, ask any reputable physician.

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Melrose Centre, N. J.

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